The Fly;

OR,

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

BY SIMON SCRIBBLE & CO.

"Come ye whom SCIENCE chose to guide
"Her unpolluted stream along;
"Adorn with flowers its cultur'd side,
"And to its taste allure the YOUNG."

VOL. I. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1805. No. V.

Original.

FOR THE FLY.

INSPECTOR GENERAL—No. III.

"WE copy from the FAIR."

AS buſineſs increaſes on my hands, I muſt endeavor, for this week, to furniſh my readers with a *Report*, conſiſting of letters, with a few *juſt remarks*, and ſome of my *good advice* to the writers.

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TO THE "INSPECTOR GENERAL."

SIR,

When I ſaw your firſt number, replete with wholeſome ſentiments, though ſimply expreſſed, I entertained hopes that I had at laſt, found a ſource of inſtruction and amuſement, the reverſe of what you therein cenſured.—With reſpect to the *ſimplicity* of the ſtyle, I aſſure you that I am not diſappointed. From your affected humble pretenſions, I promiſed myſelf that candor, at leaſt, would be the characteriſtic of your lucrubrations. But your ſecond number has convinced me that you have as little of *that* as of *judgment*, *ſenſe* and *learning*. How ridiculous a ſubject for a whole number of a periodical, anonymous paper!—"The ladies' holding up their gowns behind!" Pray Sir, who made you a judge of female dreſs? Muſt we ſubmit to your inſpection every little "geſture and movement" for you to pronounce it proper or improper? We may next expect that you will preſcribe the color, quality, &c. of our attire; but whatever you do, you may reſt aſſured you have moſt richly deſerved, and will moſt certainly receive the anathemas of our ſex—mine I can aſſure you of.

But the *trivialneſs* of your laſt ſubject is not the only, nor the greateſt fault—*that* might be paſſed over in ſilence; but your want of candor and impartiality are unpardonable. Pray tell me, wiſe Sir, are the ladies the only "part of the community" that poſſeſs the whim of "being in the faſhion?" You forget to look at home. You have never heard, I ſuppoſe, of bucks, beaux, and coxcombs.

In your next "*inſpectatorial*" ramble, pleaſe to walk from Corn-hill into State Street, and there perhaps you will obſerve ſome "daſhing" pettifoggers, aſſiſtant clerks, merchant's apprentices, printer's devils, ſtore ſweeps, and perhaps chimney ſweeps, who will deſerve a ſmall portion of your cenſure. If your intention in troubling the public with your eſſay, is to reform, why do you not ſeek the reformation of your own ſex as well as ours? Which is the moſt ridiculous, (if we may uſe the appellation) "the holding up our gowns," or your ſtrutting along with one hand in your pocket—the other twirling a ratan in every perſon's face, who is ſo unfortunate as to come within iis reach, with your waiſtcoat ſo ſhort that it will admit of but one button, without hiding the pretty ruffle, above which a cravat extending far enough to conceal half the lower part of a delicate face, and to crown all a *counterfeit* collar covers the exterior of thoſe organs often *cropped for counterfeiting* the wholeſome ſentiments ſupported below by a pair of boots, ingeniouſly calculated to conceal the ſpindles they encloſe, "where dangling taſſels ſportive play?"—I ſay, ſir, which moſt deſerve the ſatire of a writer, *our* "foible" or *yours*—the picture I have imperfectly drawn, or that which you preſented us—let your conſcience, if you poſſeſs one, dictate your anſwer.

However I may now appear in your eſtimation, I aſſure you I long as much as you can, to ſee the follies of both ſexes rectified—and to any one who undertakes the task, I ſhall always wiſh ſucceſs. As for you, ſir, without making any obſervation on your ability, to fill your ſelf-created office, I will only ſay, that whenever candor and impartiality appear on your numbers, you may command the humble aſſiſtance and ſincere friendſhip of HARRIET B.

I aſſure Miſs HARRIET I am exceedingly ſorry to *appear* ſo deſerving her reproaches. I ſay *appear*—for really I am not. I confeſs the beaux are equally guilty of the folly I have cenſured, with the belles, and are more unpardonable, as they boaſt of being the ſtronger ſex; nor did I intend them to eſcape the laſh which my fair correſpondent conceives they ſo richly deſerve. But the reformation cannot begin there; it is the fair who muſt ſet the laudable example; they alone can reclaim the humble obſervers and imitators of their virtues, foibles, or vices, for "*vice* in them appears to ſome a *virtue*." Let every female act and dreſs with ſtrict propriety; let her praiſe the ſame virtue in our ſex and ſeverely puniſh with her contempt every deviation from it, and HARRIET B. will have no longer cauſe to complain of *their* appearance, or *my* partiality. I conceive myſelf highly honored with the concluſion of her letter, and ſhall always endeavor to deſerve her eſteem. As I intend in a future number to proſecute this ſubject, and being at preſent obliged to attend to another, I ſhall here conclude.

TO THE "INSPECTOR GENERAL."

SIR,

As you have requeſted the correſpondence of your readers, and promiſed them the *beſt advice, gratis*. I beg leave to claim it on a ſubject which has employed my thoughts a long time. I am a ſchool-boy between thirteen and fourteen years old, and have often won, I ſhall not ſay how juſtly, the rewarding medal in little pieces of compoſition upon various ſubjects, as well as in reading &c. This has perhaps awakened my vanity a little, and given me "an inclination to ſee," as Charlotte S*** expreſſed it, "ſome of my compoſition in print." This deſire I have often communicated to my Father as well as my Tutor, but from neither can I obtain conſent to make the experiment. Their objections, though often repeated, I could never comprehend, and muſt now appeal to you. My requeſt is, that you will pronounce whether there is any impropriety or danger in a youth's attempting to ſcribble; that if there is, you would point it out in plain language, that I may underſtand and ſhun it; if not that you would convince my Father of his error, and obtain me leave to write. By complying with this requeſt you will oblige, yours'

HARRY SPEDWEL.

Maſter SPEDWEL's requeſt ſhall with pleaſure be complied with: But the want of room will, this time, prevent it. In my next number he ſhall have *my* opinion on the ſubject, and in the mean time he may reſt aſſured that he and CHARLOTTE S***. are not the only perſons who are ambitious of appearing "in print." Z.

FOR THE FLY.

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A FINE WOMAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

It is agreed by moſt men, that a FINE WOMAN is the loveliest object in the creation. No wonder then that every female endeavors to appear in this character, and that her chief ſtudy is to ſupply the defects of nature, by art, dreſs and ornament. But as the ladies have run into ſome very egregious miſtakes in order to obtain this appellation, I ſhall (after having ſtudied the ſex, and been a conſtant votary to them for thirty years) point out a few of their capital errors.

1ſt. No female can be a fine woman, who uſes either *rouge* or *fard*.

2dly. No female can be a fine woman, who uſes perfume of any kind, as it indicates that it is meant to predominate over ſome perſonal diſagreeable odour.

3dly. No female can be a fine woman, who wears either artificial hair, or artificial teeth.

4thly. No female can be a fine woman, who plays the *coquette*, or the *prude*.

5thly. No female can be a fine woman, who, through affected delicacy, pretends to deſpiſe that brutal part of the creation—*Man*.

6thly. No female can be a fine woman, who talks at *church*, or diſturbs an audience at a *play*.

7thly. No female can be a fine woman, who laughs, without a joke, to ſhew her teeth.

8thly and laſtly. No female can be a *real* FINE WOMAN, unleſs ſhe is born ſo; and all ſuperfluous ornament is additional deformity where nature has refuſed her charms.

A***.

INSTRUCTIVE.

The Fruits of Industry ; or, *the Stranger at home.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.

CHARLES speedily became a great favourite with Mr. Boston ; he wrote constantly to his mother, but ten years elapsed before he saw her ; at that period he accompanied his uncle to Plymouth, at which place his affectionate mother awaited their arrival, Mr. Boston having requested her to do so, as he could not spare time to take a journey to her dwelling. You may more easily conceive than I can describe the joy of this meeting ; Charles was growing fast to manhood, and realized all his mother's hopes. Whatever Charles considered as most rare, he had selected, and presented to her ; his uncle also would have forced on her a sum of money, but that she declined, affirming, she had more than sufficient to supply all her wants. In short, after passing a fortnight at Plymouth, Mr. Boston and his nephew reconducted her thirty miles on her way homeward, where, with many tears, they separated. From this period, twelve years more elapsed before they met again, and then at the same place ; for Mr. Boston was now advanced in years, and could not bear to be separated from his nephew, who, as he had treated him with the tenderness of a father, did not forget to pay the obligation with the duty of a son ; however anxiously he wished to see, once more, the pleasant haunts of his youth, of which he had now but an imperfect idea, having left the country twenty-two years. Mrs. Boston was now somewhat turned of fifty, but a life of peace and retirement had preserved her strength unimpaired.

On Mr. Boston's return to Jamaica, the infirmities of age came fast upon him, he however lived 12 years, during which period Charles married, and became the father of a son and daughter.

On Mr. Boston's death, Charles found himself master of the whole property, and a new tie of duty fixed him to the spot. He was not, however, remiss in his affection to his mother ; he wrote constantly to her, and with the consent of his wife, when their young daughter, Anne, reached her fourth year, she was sent to England, and placed with her grandmother for education. Mr. Boston's wife was of a delicate constitution, and though young, survived her uncle but five years ; the succeeding twelvemonth he experienced great losses at sea, and also from some unexpected bankruptcies that fell heavily upon him. Determined to redouble his his industry, and redeem his loss, he increased his trade, and consequently his expenses, but the effort was unavailing, three unprofitable years succeeded, and to complete his misfortune, on the fourth, one of the hurricanes, to which the island is subject, entirely destroyed his expected crop, and left him nothing but ruin and devastation. This last stroke completed Mr. Boston's dislike to the West-Indies, he however bore the blow with resignation, and embracing his son Charles, who was now seventeen, he said, 'the will God be done, I once thought to have realzied a handsome competency for yourself and sister, but since 'tis otherways I submit, for that which is withheld now, will assuredly come another time.' In this proper disposition, to bear affliction with patience, Mr. Boston set about disposing his plantation ; in the ruined state it then was, it sold for scarcely a third of its value, and at the age of fifty, with grey hairs, much experience, and three thousand pounds in the pocket, he sat out for the land of his nativity. I should tell you, that previous to this event, he had written to his mother, not to state the extent of his misfortune, but saying, that his business failed, he thought it better to collect what remained of his fortune, and return to England, and employ in the best manner for the service of his children. Mrs. Boston's reply was such as might be expected from a pious affectionate mother ; she said she was grieved at his losses : but that God disposed all for the best ; the estate in England, she was informed, was worth far more than it was some years back, and with care would be sufficient for them all ; that for herself, the infirmities of age came fast on her, for she was now upwards of seventy, and she should, in all probability, have the satisfaction of dying in the arms of those she loved best. To conclude, she conjured not to give way to unavailing sorrow, but to hasten home, as she was impatient, as was her grand-daughter, to embrace him and his son.

(To be continued.)

BIOGRAPHY

Of the celebrated Mr. COOPER,

Usually denominated the AMERICAN ROSCIUS.

Continued from page 15.

HIS friends, Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites for a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement at the provincial theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to preside over his wanderings. He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted, as a raw recruit who possessed no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferior rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter-carrier. ....In this manner he murdered a few months starving on a paltry salary, and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages : Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakspear's most distinguished characters for his instructions. He made him recite passages, and would explain to him the nature of the characters, the situations in which they were placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer....to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character. After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of the youthful pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a public appearance. He accordingly at the early age of eighteen performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present of the New-York theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler forming other engagements with Mr. Henry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival, he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of Green-room history, added, and now prepare yourself for astonishment. That identical Mr. Cooper who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre and who appeared so extremely incompetent, is now performing Hamlet with applause at London !

After Mr. Cooper had met so favourable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement ; but as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line of characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. " Aut Cæsar aut nullus" seems to have been his motto and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatic talent.

Shortly after this period Mr. Wignell who had visited England for the purpose of raising a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negociation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantic, voyaging to America.

[*To be continued.*]

AMUSEMENT.

FOR THE FLY.

.....

"To shame a liar tell a greater lie."

IN compliance with this vulgar maxim, the following laughable story was lately told in a select party ; when the truth of the above was fully evinced, by the remarkable taciturnity of the traveller the remainder of the evening, who had previously been *twanging the long-bow* at an unmerciful rate.

ON a certain day, [as all old stories do or should begin,] Peter Fudge gave out in London, that he would jump from the top of the Monument, a prodigious height, merely for the honor of the exploit, provided a sufficient sum was raised to defray the expense of a surgeon, if he should *chance* to break any of his limbs. As all the *civilized* world delight in such amusements, (viz. breaking skulls, necks, legs and

arms—hangings, drownings, burnings, &c.) a handſome ſubſcription was ſoon obtained, to enable Peter to execute his intended project.——

——"But pray," interrupted one, "how high is this monument you ſpeak of?" O! at *leaſt* five times as tall as the Old South ſteeple.——

The leap was to be performed preciſely as the St. Paul's clock ſtruck twelve. But I had forgot to mention, the day before, beds, loads of hay, &c. &c. were piled one above another, almoſt half as high as the monument itſelf. Before nine o'clock on the morning of this memorable day, all the ſtreets, lanes, alleys, &c. within a mile were crowded, and every building was covered with people, waiting with 'anxious eye and quivering lip,' to ſee, and to admire, this aſtoniſhing leap. The clock ſtruck! at the firſt ſtroke, Peter appeared on the pinnacle—'the admiring multitude gazed in ſpeechleſs wonder'—at the laſt, off jump'd Peter! When he got part of the way down——*Here the ſtory-teller made a pauſe.*

——"Well?" vociferated the company.——

——"What then?" ſaid the traveller.——

His heart failed him, and——HE JUMP'D BACK AGAIN!! QUIZ.

FOR THE FLY.

THE ENQUIRER.....No. I.

——"*But wait awhile*
My curious friends; and let us firſt arrange
In proper order, your promiſcuous throng."

IN a publication like the Juvenile Miſcellany, a large field is laid open for the improvement of ideas, and exertion of talents in youth of both ſexes.

In my opinion nothing tends more to blend inſtruction with amuſement, than the mode of queſtion and anſwer:—It calls into action the faculties which lie dormant in the youthful breaſt, and gives full ſcope to riſing genius;—It is a ſyſtem which naturally leads to an enquiry into the various cauſes, which produce various effects, and unſuſceptibly conveys a pleaſing ſatisfaction, which the cold and formal precepts of the rigid ſtoic can never inſpire.

This ſpecies of writing I intend to purſue.——Though perhaps ſome of the queſtions which I ſhall propoſe, may appear *trivial* to perſons of more enlightened underſtanding, yet they will be found ſufficiently intereſting to that claſs of readers, for whoſe inſtruction they are intended. I am fully aware of the caution which ought to be obſerved in periodical writings, and that though not pretending to rank among claſſical writers, I ſhall not eſcape the laſh of *modern* CRITICS.

I do not boaſt of elegance in compoſition, therefore *their* cenſure or applauſe will not in the leaſt affect my deſign; but in the harmleſs garb of an humble Enquirer, I hope to be heard with attention, and anſwered with candor and correctneſs.

I ſhall not confine myſelf to any particular ſubject; for in my opinion, variety is much more pleaſing than a continual ſameneſs, which may be obſerved in moſt modern writings.

I ſhall cloſe my firſt number with the following queſtion, which, though of ancient date, contains a large ſphere for the "march of genius."—I therefore propoſe it to my "Juvenile Friends" for ſolution.

In an Arabic manuſcript we find the following remarkable deciſion of a diſpute——Two Arabians ſat down to dinner together—one had five loaves, the other three. A ſtranger paſſing by, deſired permiſſion to eat with them, which they agreed to. The ſtranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected, and inſiſted for one half. The cauſe came before "Ali" the magiſtrate, who gave the following judgment.—

Let the owner of the five loaves have *ſeven* pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves, but *one* piece.

Qr. Was this ſentence juſt?

FOR THE FLY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IN your laſt *Fly*, you requeſted an anſwer to the queſtion, "How are the ſeveral Muſes repreſented?" If you think the following worth inſerting in your Juvenile Miſcellany, it is at your ſervice. HELICONIA.

Calliope is the muſe who preſides over heroic poetry and biography. She is repreſented with tablets in her hand.

Clio preſides over hiſtory. She is generally repreſented crowned with laurels, holding in one hand a trumpet, and a book in the other.

Euterpe preſides over muſic, and was thought to have invented the flute; ſhe is repreſented crowned with flowers, and holding a flute in her hand.

Melpomene is the tragic muſe, and is repreſented with a melancholy countenance, holding in her hand a dagger, or a cup which is ſuppoſed to contain poiſon.

Erato preſides over love poetry, ſome ſuppoſe ſhe invented the lute and lyre, ſhe is repreſented with a garland of flowers, holding a lyre in one hand, and a bow in the other, and at her ſide Cupid with a torch.

Urania is ſuppoſed to preſide over aſtronomy; ſhe is generally repreſented with an azure robe, crowned with ſtars, and ſupporting a large globe in her hands.

Thalia is the comic muſe, and is repreſented crowned with a garland of ivy and holding in her hand a maſk, and wearing buſkins on her feet.

Polymnia or *Poliphymnia*, I am not certain, but I think; ſhe is the Muſe which preſides over vocal Melody and is repreſented with a Harp.

Terpſichore preſides over Dancing, of which ſhe was reckoned the inventreſs; ſhe is repreſented like a virgin, crowned with laurels, holding in one hand a muſical inſtrument.

THE DRAMA.

THEATRIAL performances, whatever prejudiced fanatics or the antique grannams of the age may aſſert to the contrary, are certainly calculated, and if judiciouſly conducted are capable of affording more rational and refined pleaſure to the mind, than any other amuſement whatever; and when ſupported by a company of ſuperior talent and ability, cannot fail of giving an enlightened public the higheſt ſatisfaction. The Boſton audience have ſuch a company on their boards, where ſome of the moſt eminent ſons and daughters of Theſpis, headed by a COOPER, continue to bequeath them both inſtruction and amuſement.—With a manager, ever aſſiduous to pleaſe, continually ſelecting for their mental repaſt, ſome of the choiceſt viands in the dramatic bower.

Jane Shore, with *Harlequin Salamander*, were performed on Wedneſday (27th ult.) to a crowded houſe.—We confeſs we never witneſſed its better repreſentation.—The part of *Lord Haſtings*, was judiciouſly ſupported by Mr. COOPER, for the firſt time in this Theatre.—The parts of *Duke of Gloſter*, *Belmour* and *Dumont*, were alſo performed with taſte by Meſſrs. YOUNG, FOX and USHER, who appeared to give infinite ſatisfaction to a numerous and reſpectable audiance.—Mrs. POWELL, in *Jane Shore*, performed in her uſual ſtyle of excellance.—Mrs. SHAW, in *Alicia*, received great applauſe.

Friday evening being the benefit of Mr. COOPER, a brilliant and reſpectable audiance aſſembled.—The ſelections were *Pizarro*, and the *Agreeable Surpriſe*, which went off with great eclat.—*Rolla*, found an excellant repreſentative in Mr. COOPER.—We cannot omit noticing Mr. TWAIT'S *Lingo*, and Mr. KENNY'S *Sir Felix*, in the afterpiece—We have been frequently delighted with the talents of the former, but never more highly gratified with the latter than on this evening.—In parts ſimilar to this Mr. KENNY generally excells.

Monday evening a new comedy, for the firſt time in America, called *To Marry or not To Marry*, and the muſical afterpiece of the *Turnpike Gate*—To deſcribe the merits of this favorite piece would be ſuperfluous, as the talents of the author are ſo well known—We can only add, that its performance on the American boards was by no means inferior to *Drury Lane* or *Covent Garden*—The parts were well adapted to the powers of the actors, and the piece appeared to give general ſatisfaction.

Wedneſday evening, a ſecond repreſentation of *To Marry or, Not to Marry* and the Comic Opera of *No Song No Supper*—and the ſame play repeated on Friday and Monday evenings with the muſical afterpieces of *Paul and Virginia*, and a new farce, never performed here, called *Tis all a Farce*—The performances were chaſte and correct and the new farce which has attracted ſo much approbation at the ſouthern Theatres, was received with unprecedented applauſe.

This evening's performances are appropriated for the BENEFIT of the ORPHAN children of the late Mr. HODGKINSON.—We doubt not the Boſtonians will evince their uſual diſpoſition towards the cauſe of humanity. ALEXIS.

BOSTON:
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER, 11, 1805.

THE SEASON, has heretofore been remarkably mild, and favorable; but now ſtern winter appears to be approahing with haſty ſtrides. Let thoſe who are repoſing in the lap of plenty, not forget the wretched and unfortunate, who, at this inclement ſeaſon muſt labor under the complicated diſtreſſes of cold and hunger. "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The valedictory lines from a valued coorreſpouden whoſe abſence we regret, ſhall have due attention They are unfortunately too late for this number.

"*A Subſcriber*" ſhall receive the attention his correct ſentiments and flattering encomiums deſerve—But we muſt remark, that he has almoſt overſtepped the limits in the latter reſpect which propriety and modeſty on our part have preſcribed.

We have ſince our laſt, been honored with various communications, which are filed for our next number.

We cannot better acknowledge "the Inquirer," than by preſenting it immediately to our readers.

Alexis ſhall always command a portion of our paper for his ſpeculations.

Junius is welcome to our poetical department; and requeſted to continue his favors.

ERRATA.

In the Introductory addreſe ſpoken by Maſter J. H. Palfrey, at a late Exibition in Concert-Hall, and publiſhed in our laſt, the following are noticed. Line 15 for "*And* o're the tender mind," read, *Thus* o'er the tender mind.—19, for your *plan* will thrive. read *plants*—26, for *with* both united, read *while*, &c.—27, for *fame*, read *fane*.

POETRY.

"THE MIND TO *VIRTUE* IS BY *VERSE* SUBDU'D,
"AND THE TRUE *POET* IS A *PUBLIC GOOD.*"

FOR THE FLY.

SONNET TO BEAUTY.

LET others plough the raging main,
In queſt of gold which ſoon will cloy;
And ranſack India's burning plain,
To ſearch for gems—a tranſient joy:
Or in the tented field defy
The king of terror's leaden dart,
And crown'd with laurels bravely die,
Whilſt pines with grief the noble heart:

My bark ſhall ſpread her willing ſails,
And bear me to that happy iſle,
Where Venus reigns—and never fails,
To cheer me with a lovely ſmile;—

And on the altar of the queen of love I'll pay,
My vows of fealty, and own her boundleſs ſway.

JUNIUS.

FOR THE FLY.

A SIMILE.

THE ſeaſons, as they roll around,
Their varied beauties bring:
But thoſe of ſprightly YOUTH are found
In lovely, ſmiling SPRING.

☞ * * * *

THE LASS OF THE LAKE.

AT the foot of yon mountain where Ulswater plays
The thirſt of the peaſant to ſlake,
A damſel ſo lovely enliven'd our days,
And we call'd her the Laſs of the Lake.

The little god Cupid invaded her breaſt,
Such aim it was cruel to take;
In the white garb of truth the deceiver was dreſt,
Who betray'd the ſweet Laſs of the Lake.

A falſe one impos'd on ſimplicity's child,
She thought he but liv'd for her ſake;
He wedded another! poor Lucy went wild,
And ended her woes in the Lake.

By moon-light her form has been ſaid to appear,
While ſweet-hearts, by love kept awake,
Repair to the ſpot and ſhed ſympathy's tear
O'er the poor ruin'd Laſs of the Lake.

Selected from Burns' Lyric Poems.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

O ſtay, ſweet warbling wood-lark, ſtay,
Nor quit for me the trembling ſpray;
A hapleſs lover courts thy lay,
Thy ſoothing, fond complaining;
Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For ſurely that would touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' diſdaining.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careleſs wind?
Oh, nocht but love and ſorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could waken;
Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' ſpeechleſs grief, and dark deſpair:
For pity's ſake, ſweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

ON A PERSON WHO *SQUINTED.*

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who looked with an *hundred eyes*,
How much more praiſe to him is due,
Who looks an *hundred ways* with *two.*

MORALITY.

VAIN is ſcience to him who has not adored the feet of the ineffable Being who everywhere exiſts.

He who does good, and whoſe heart is pure, has known the eſſence of virtue; foolish ceremonies are no part of it.

Can he who has beheld a drunken man be a drunkard alſo? Yet to adviſe the drunkard to quit his brutal appetite, is to throw hot coals at an animal whoſe dwelling is at the bottom of the waters.

Next to the folly and wickedneſs of framing and propagating deliberate falſehoods concerning honeſt people, is the pernicious diſpoſition to magnify and ſpread diſagreeable reports. An ill impreſſion is eaſier to make than eraſe. No good man "taketh up an ill report againſt his neighbor."

WIT AND HUMOR.

DON MANUEL ANTONIO DE BISCAROLAZA,

Late TONSOR-GENERALISSIMO, and COMB-MAJOR, to his Moſt Catholic Majeſty, having *walked Spaniſh* from New-York, via the Moon, (for the purpoſe of examining particularly the SCRATCH of the 'Man in the Moon,') now offers his ſervices in the BARBER-ous line to the ladies and gentlemen of this town, at No. 1, Franklin-Street.

Hark! What ſeraph ſings ſo ſweetly
Of CURLED WIGS, or HAIR CUT neatly!
Ha! BISCAROLAZA's juſt come down
From pale fac'd Luna, to this town,
T' inform thoſe bucks who're fond of daſhing,
That he cuts hair in the neweſt faſhion;
Or belles who long-tail'd WIGS delight in,
At No. 1, may caſt their mite in.—
When this branch fails, he turns to ſhaving,
Trims lovers' whiskers—gives the graces
To thoſe who wiſh for ſmoother faces,
To keep their peeviſh wives from raving.
To move with skill, the *philoſophic razor*,
And cut with eaſe each different way, ſir,
In full perfection he poſſeſſes,
And never on the *fleſh* tranſgreſſes.
When call'd to uſe the *ſciſſors ſcientific*,
T' give ſoldiers heads the *ſcratch* terrific,
Or brawling preachers' hairs lay ſleek,
From pious ſouls to drive Old Nick,
To fit each *pate* to fill its proper ſtation,
From 'prentice boys, to rulers of the nation,
He then exhibits to th' aſtoniſh'd view
Talent and taſte which Frenchmen never knew.
Attend Boſtonians then, obey his call,
Ye old—ye young—ye great—ye ſhort—ye tall
Of every age, condition, or complexion,
Submit your *polls* to MANUEL's inſpection,
If diſtant far from ſenſe, he'll bring you nearer,
At leaſt he'll give th' *appearance* to th' *exterior.*

A KICK FOR A BITE.

IN the courſe of a very ſevere engagement between an Engliſh privateer and a French one, the Engliſh boatſwain had both his legs taken off by a ſhot; and as he lay in that plight, called out to his captain, to requeſt that he would ram both his legs into a cannon, and fire them off at the French, that he might have the ſatisfaction of one kick at them before he died.

A DOUBTFUL CASE.

A SCHOLAR, meeting a man, ſaid to him, with great ſeeming ſurpriſe, Bleſs me, Sir, I heard you was dead.' To which the other anſwered, 'Oh! no; it is not true; you ſee I am 'ſtill alive.' The ſcholar replied, '*Perhaps you are; but, upon my word, I don't know how to believe you, for he, who told me you were dead, is a man of much more credit than you.*

A PERFECT HUNCH-BACK.

A GOOD friar, preaching upon the wonderful power of God, ſaid, he had never created any thing but what was perfect in its kind, a round ſhouldered wag, waiting for him at the door, ſaid, 'Father, I thank you for your ſermon; but do you really think that I am perfect in *my* kind?' 'Yes,' ſaid the father gravely, '*you* are ſurely a very perfect *hunch-back.*

THE LINGUIST.

A FELLOW who had picked up a few ſcraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accoſted a gentleman, in French, '*Quelle heure eſt il, Monſieur?*' [What o'clock is it, Sir?] To which the gentleman anſwered in Latin, '*Neſcio.*'[I don't know.] 'D—mn it,' ſaid the fellow, 'I did not think it was near ſo late!' and ran off as if he had ſomething of conſequence to do.

AN INSTANCE OF FORGETFULNESS.

A COUNTRY Clergyman meeting a neighbour, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above ſixty years of age; the pious prieſt gave him ſome ſevere reproof on that account, and aſked him, if he ever read his bible at home. 'No,' replied the old man, 'I cannot read.' Now, I dare ſay,' ſaid the parſon, 'you do not know who made you.' 'Not I, in good truth,' cried the countryman. A little boy happened to come by at the ſame time; 'Who made you, child?' ſaid the parſon. 'God, Sir, anſwered the boy. 'Why, look you there, quoth the honeſt clergyman, 'are you not aſhamed to hear a child of four or five years old tell me who made him, when you, that are ſo old a man, cannot?' '*Ah!*' ſaid the countryman, '*it is no wonder, that he ſhould remember*, he was made but the other day; you muſt know, 'it is a long while ſince I was made.

THIS evening, will be preſented the Comedy of the

WEST INDIAN.

After which (for the firſt time theſe two years) the comic Opera of the

CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

For the Benefit of the Orphans of Mr. Hodgkinſon.

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